

SWANK

SWANK

OUR NASTIEST ISSUE EVER!

OCTOBER 2008 #142

Covergirl Sarah

BIG BOOBS

AND THE

PERFECT

PUSSY!

AMATEUR

SHOVES

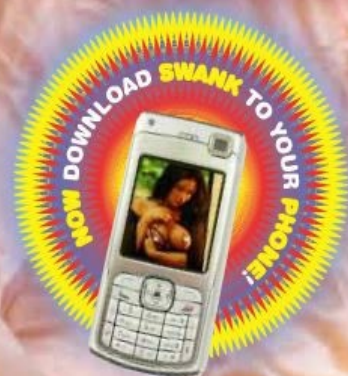
A BANANA

UP HER HOLE!

WIN
PAGE 41 **\$500**

3 DILDOS
UP HER ASS
AT ONCE!

JENNA
JAMESON
BOOK
GIVEAWAY!



XXX Video
inside

SWANK Talk

Whenever I'm feeling kind of blue, say, sometime between the last girl I fucked and that new slice of pie I'm about to slide into, there's always something that gets me happy: pussy! Coming from me, it may seem almost trite, but for the love of all things smutty, I am just one incredibly horny man. Forgive me. Anyways, under my way of thinking, every issue of SWANK brings me smiles aplenty, page after page, pussy after glorious goo-dripping pussy! Hey, this month we've got a ton of stuff, plus we're giving away some cash—just for the fuck of it! Check out page 41 for the details! Hey, sex and money—the two greatest things on the planet—all right here for you! *-Ron Jeremy & Mary Carey*



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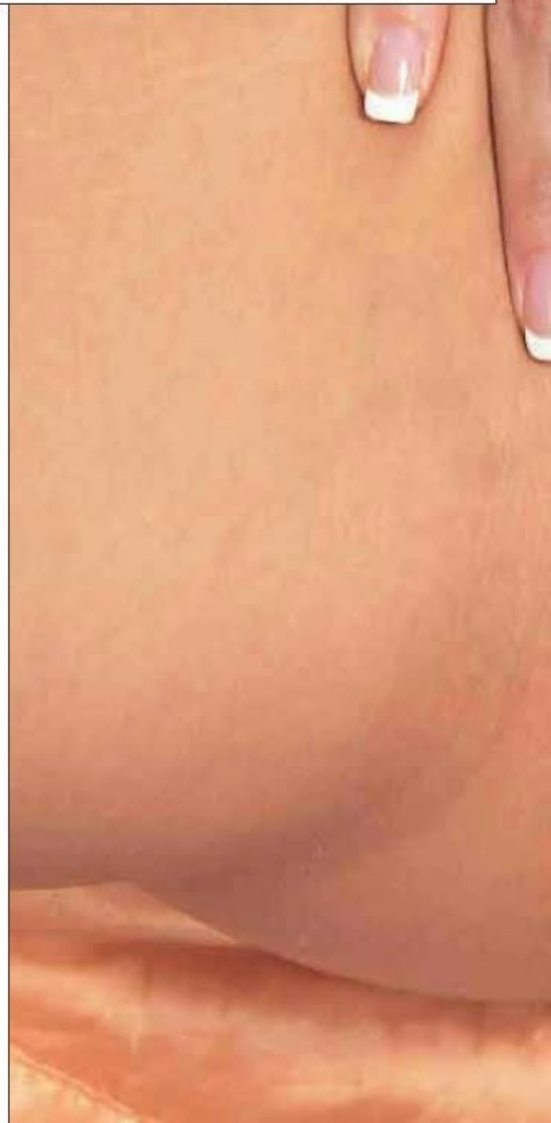
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Sasha















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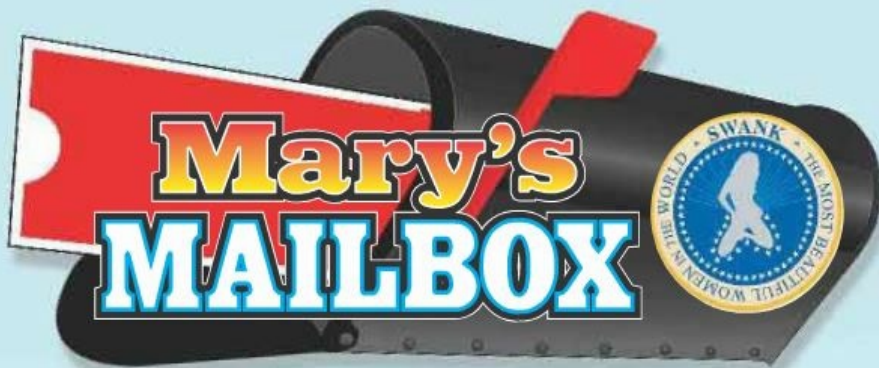
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Text by Mary Carey

Howdy everybody! What's the good word tweedy-birds?! And all that good stuff! Hee-hee! It's me! Little old Mary Carey checking in for my monthly dose of mail from my favorite guys and dolls! And how cool it is! It seems that every month we get more and more mail from everyone! I almost can't believe it, and can't handle it! Have they figured out that cloning thing yet? Because I could sure use another Mary Carey to help me open all these envelopes—who said snail-mail was dead! But have no fear! No matter how much you send it, I and I alone will look at each and every missive—promise! And most of the time, in the nude! For real! My time spent reading your letters, sorting them out, and deciding which ones to actually personally answer is a very relaxing period of life for me each month between all my directing work, acting work, and PR work—and of course, partying! So it is not unusual for me to take it all off, stretch out on the plush carpet of my swanky SWANK office and just read away! Hey, it's good to be the boss, right? Hee-hee! Okay, so without further ado, here are some of the coolest letters I got this month!

The Problem With DP's!

Hi Mary, my friend George and I are writing you this letter because we like to do three-ways, with any chicks we can find that will go for it. We like tag-teaming the bitches, you know? Anyway, double-penetration is our favorite position, one in the ass, one in the twat. Problem is that it seems that we are always getting our cocks and balls bumping up against each other, and it has occurred to us it seems rather weird. Anything you can suggest? I mean, I like George and all, but I don't want his freakin' prick touching mine, if you get my drift!

Paul T.
Sandy Hook, CT

MARY: Yes, I get your drift, Paul! And hey, George, how are you doing? Well, first of all I want to thank you for writing and sharing, not that many dudes these days will admit to digging three-ways that only include one girl, and it's cool you are down with that. That said a DP—which is what a double-penetration is called in the porn biz, could be a very tricky sexual stunt, for a number of reasons. Usually the girl who is doing it is no problem, she just gets in the position for it—there are several—and waits for the guys to get ready and slam away. The problems are with the guys, and getting the angles, trajectories, and body-placements all correct—and then of course, is the thing with the two cocks hitting one another! Oh brother! Since I just love cocks, the more the better, I say, who cares! I have seen a number of famous male porn stars, one in particular who, when he does DP's, goes to some ridiculous lengths (no pun intended) to do the DP without any even slight dick-touching. Like, the guy puts a damn towel between them! Give me a break! My advice Paul and George? Chill the fuck out and pay it no mind. All you should be concentrating on anyway is that slick cunt or ass you will slicing into—not some marginal dick-on-dick scraping. Relax and enjoy the DP!

Don't Like To Eat The Meat?

Mary is it true that you are a vegetarian? I have been thinking of becoming a vegan, but am conflicted about it. But if someone as worldly as you has given up meat, well, then count me in!

Carl E.
Ogden, UT



MARY: It's true, Carl, I basically am a vegetarian, having phased red meat and other products out of my diet for a number of years now. I find it makes me feel better and lighter. But if you are going to make any serious changes to your diet, you should check with your doctor first. I am a porn star, not a nutritionist. And if you could hear any of that chuckling in the background here at the SWANK offices, those are a couple of my idiot assistants, so let me make one thing clear—while I no longer eat "animal meat," I do still eat "man meat" on and off-camera, and love every minute of it! Okay! So there!

Is SWANK Becoming Porno Mag Central?

Mary, I just heard from a friend of mine, who is basically a moron, but sometimes gets something right, that SWANK has recently taken over Gallery Magazine, Fox Magazine, and Lollipops Magazine. Is this true? If so, way to go!

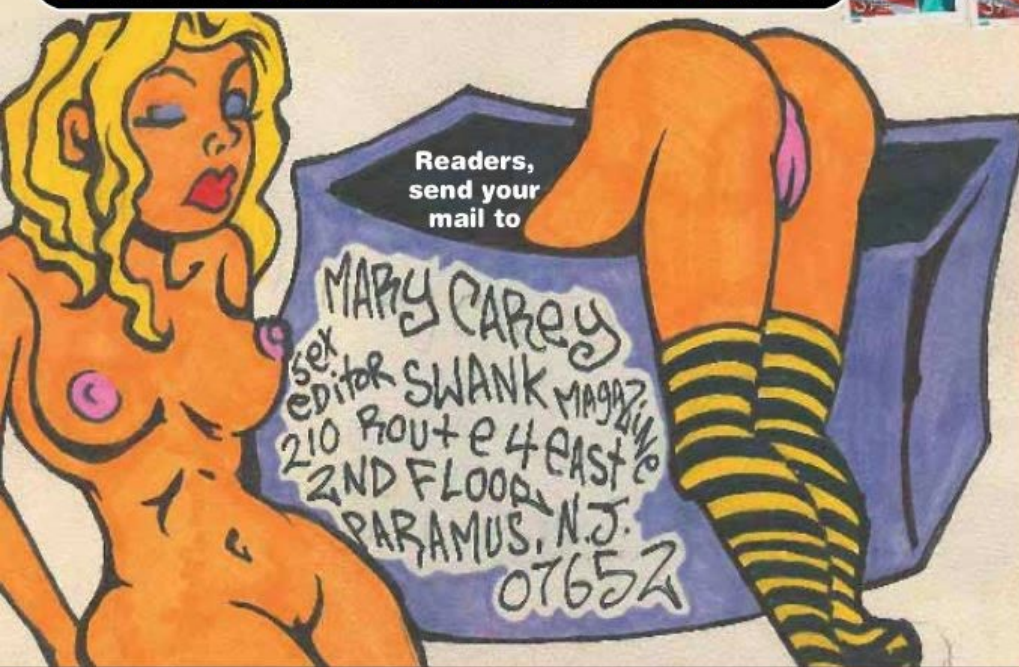
Horace S.
San Francisco, CA



MARY: This time your friend is no moron, Horace, it's the real deal. SWANK has taken over Gallery, Fox and Lollipops, and we plan to really pour a lot of time, money, energy, and of course, hot pussy into all of them to make them into the super-adult magazines we know they can be to complement SWANK! As many readers of adult magazines out there know, there has been a severe economic contraction of porn mags



SEALED WITH A NASTY KISS!



as well. So I thought I would drop you a line with a bit of a dilemma of mine. I am 26 years old, in good shape, pretty, and I like sex as much as the next girl. And I am single, so I can do whom and what I please sexually. This is my question. Like most women, sex to me is part of a large picture, and you know, that to get really turned on, usually I have to like a guy and know him for a while. Now I know men hate to hear this, because they hate having to wait to fuck up and get us to suck their cocks, but that's just how it is biologically. So am just always caught in this thing where like, do I just fuck the guy when he wants to, which is mostly within the first hour of meeting him? Or do I wait until I am more into it, which can be like weeks later? I mean, I can suck and screw anytime, it's no problem, but the question is, when?

Tammy J.
Tampa Bay, FL

MARY: So wild to hear from a girl reader of SWANK! Thanks for your letter,

Tammy, and your very good query that I am sure applies to a lot of other women as well. So, here goes! First, I always say never do anything sexually unless you really feel you want to do it. Don't give in to another person's pressures, or societal pressure, or anything like that ever. Do what you want to do. That said, what the fuck, do what you want to do! For sure, while there are all kind of babes out there with all kinds of sex drives, it is safe to say that a woman's sexuality is different than a man's, and we generally want more time before we, as they say, give it up! But just as a man wants to fuck right way, and has to wait longer than he wants, maybe we gals, can be a bit more fair, and suck the dude off earlier than we maybe would 100% prefer? See what I am saying? Why not try mixing it up? Sometimes go for the quick sex thing and make the guy happy, and other times make the dog sweat it out and make you happy. There's nothing wrong with sexual compromising so long as you are comfortable with it. In the porn world of course, on-camera, everything is always super-spiced up as the man fucks the chick as soon as he sees her, no questions asked. Actually, most off-camera porn star dating consists of sex and then dinner, rather than dinner and then sex! But you are a civilian, so you can play it anyway you want! No need to feel constricted into being this or that—be both, and be happy—and make him happy! □

over the past number of years, so the entire erotic mag industry has been undergoing realignment. And guess what, we luck out! Those mags are now ours! Stay tuned for when we churn out our first issues of them, they will go great with SWANK—guaranteed!

How Many Porn Stars Can You Fit On The Head Of A Penis?

Here's a XXX trivia question for you Mary, how many porn stars are there, out there sucking and fucking at any one time? Looks like zillions!

Ollie D.
Norfolk, VA



MARY: Great question Ollie, but a hard—one to answer. There is no central registry of porn stars anywhere in the world. And with new porn girls cumming into the sex biz daily, others retiring daily, and some doing both on the same day!—Well, it's a difficult question. Worldwide it would have to be something in the thousands—maybe 20,000, but that's just a guess. In the US, where Los Angeles serves as the porn Mecca of North America, it could be like half of that, maybe 10,000. But again, with there being so many chicks doing hardcore online, and just being Internet stars, and others just being on-DVD babes, it's a lot of guesswork. But numbers-wise, that's where I would put it—which is far more than 20 years ago, or ten, or even five years ago—as the numbers of sucks-for-bucks bitches just keeps on growing!

A Letter From Ron Jeremy!

Hey Mary! Just thought I would drop you a note to surprise you and tell you what a great job you and me are doing together! Love you dearly! See you for lunch at 1 p.m.!

Ron Jeremy
SWANK Co-Publisher
Office Next Door

MARY: Ron is such a gas! He slipped in this little inter-office note into my mailbox just this morning to crack me up! And he did! I love

you too, Ron! And we are doing a way cool job with SWANK! Yes, see you at lunch, and remember it's on you this time!

To Be A Slut, Or Not A Slut—That IS The Question!

Greetings Mary, this is a letter from one of your female readers. I know most of your readers are guys, but some of us girls are out here





Chloe & Dennis











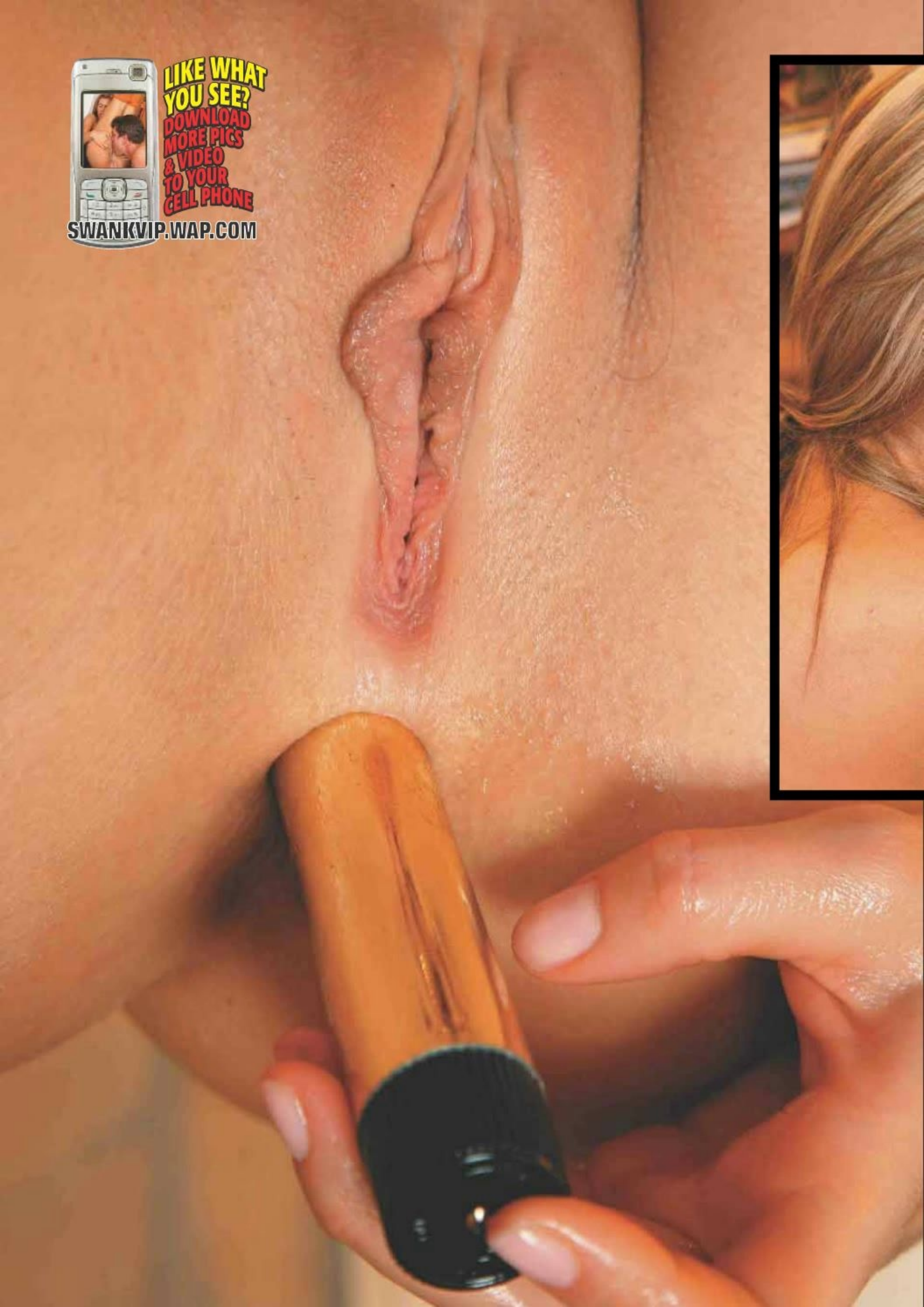






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SWANK FICTION

IN THE NEON BONEYARD

article & photos by Frank De Blase

Zow-ee," Johnny said, after letting fly with a long, low whistle. "Legs that long and lovely shouldn't look so lonely." The tall drink of platinum blonde flew solo at the end of the bar. She, me, and Johnny made three if you didn't count the endless parade of grift drifting in and out like tumbleweeds and dust."

A lone cocktail kept her company. She had stems for days and my calendar was open.

Johnny pretended to wipe the drool off his chin. I wiped for real.

"Look at her, Frankie. She'd be perfect."

"Whaddaya mean?" I asked. "She is perfect."

"For the pictures, wiseguy. The pictures."

"...Oh."

You see, I was in this decadent desert oasis to shoot the Neon Boneyard — a place where all the beautiful signs go to die; where the bygone had gone by. It was both sad and pretty and my editor, Garcia had sent me and my camera out to capture the dwindle and decay. Johnny was an old friend from Brooklyn who crooned as they swooned in

assorted joints and gin mills. He knew the ups, downs, ins, and outs. His baby blue Caddy was a righteous ride and Johnny made the perfect tour guide.

The busted corpses that littered The Neon Boneyard were the "out with the old" half of the equation. Vegas had tried family style for awhile, but now sin was back in. It's just that this new sin didn't possess the lust and swagger of the old sin. It was plastic, platonic, played-out. The only remnants of the real Vegas lie in the Boneyard.

"Man, I just love things that ain't forever," Garcia had said, his grin threatening to decapitate the unlit Corona in his mouth. "Take some pictures, will ya?"





**...she was
elsewhere,
dad!**

Adding a showgirl to spice up the spread hadn't dawned on either of us until now. One look at this knockout and now it made perfect sense.

"Watch my camera, will ya?" I told Johnny. "I'm gonna go talk to her."

I considered my pitch as I sauntered over. "Just be *smooooooth*," I told myself.

She sat with her legs crossed, her chin resting casually in the palm of her left hand. With her little finger she swirled the ice in the tumbler, staring lazily into its amber depths. The crystal depths of her baby blues were fixed and far off. She was elsewhere, dad.

Wrapped in a gold cocktail dress, she looked like a present. It fit snug and sleek, her bust threatening to do just that from the plunging low cut. Man, what a package.

The high-heeled shoe on her crossed leg dangled precariously at the end of her foot. I didn't wait for it to drop.

"Hey there," I said. "I'm a photographer out from New York here to shoot old neon signs and I..."

She cut me off.

"Would you like to buy me a drink?" she asked in a voice as languid and luxurious as her limbs.

"Well, I... w-well sure," I blurted. Yup, real smooth.

"Sit down, won't you?"

I lit upon the stool next to hers and flagged down the bartender.

"Give the lady another," I said. "In fact make it two."

"Lemme guess," he said eyeballing me with a smirk. "Two Manhattans."

"Yeah, wiseguy. Toot sweet."

"The new ones hurt my eyes," she said.

"New ones?"

"Neon signs, silly. You brought it up."

She playfully jabbed me in the arm that was poised to pick up my drink. It splashed, spilling a little. That broke the ice and unwrapped the grip my nerves had around my throat, so I cleared it and gave her the low down on the photos and where she might fit in.

I needed a showgirl to liven up the shot.

"You can't see the stars with the new signs lit up," she said. "Back in the late '50s, no matter how dazzling the Strip got, you could always look up and see stars."

This gal didn't look over 25, but I played along.

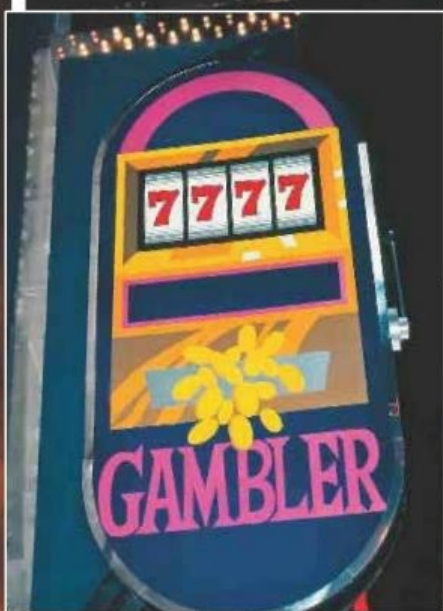
She slowly loosened up and gave me the skinny while I drank too fast. She had a keen insider's view on the vintage Vegas I was there to capture and as it turned out had performed as a showgirl.

"But that was a long, long time ago," she said.

Her name was Sabina and she thought the pictures "would simply be a swell idea." We agreed to meet at the Boneyard the next afternoon. I stressed the classic showgirl angle.

"I know just what to wear," she giggled.

I turned and gave Johnny the thumbs-up. The bartender was looking straight at



me. His sniggering had turned to out an out laughter. This guy was starting to bug me.

"What's so goddamned funny, pal?" I said.

"Saps like you sitting at the end of the bar talking to yourselves."

I turned to Sabina.

"Would you get a load of th..."

She was gone.

She never touched her drink.

PART 2

The Neon Boneyard looms inconspicuously in a gravel lot behind a chain link fence just outside downtown Las Vegas. Except for a coupla rockets pointed skyward and a pirate skull peering over the top, you'd never know it was there. It's all just piled in there sadly beautiful like a morgue in a circus.

Johnny and I rolled up in his Fleetwood, its whitewalls crunching on the gravel.

The afternoon sun cast long shadows across the grit.

"Hi," a voice behind me chirped.



There she was.

Her star-shaped pasties twinkled and sparkled in the sun. The bottom half was merely a beaded curtain that slung low. Her backside was left exposed. It wasn't so much a costume as it was a suggestion. And it was just the right amount of not quite enough.

Perched on clear high heels, she strolled towards us slow and elegant. The desert breeze blew her tassels, broken glass snapped and popped beneath her feet. Her hair flowed and glowed.

She smiled at me before biting her lip coyly. She asked, but she knew.

"This ok?" she queried.

I spent the afternoon following her around as she posed, primped and vamped on and around the busted

'Saps like you sitting at the end of the bar talking to yourselves.'

glass and metal debris with a hint 'o' come hither.

As we warmed up, she filled in the gaps. She was an actress from somewhere back east (indicated with a quick thumb over-the-shoulder) who had landed a little short on her move to California. Once in Vegas, the plan was to raise enough green to get to the big screen: Hollywood.

(continued on page 117)



Traci











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THOSE WERE THE LAYS

By William
Margold

Splayed Out!

My right hand was literally buried in the ebullient red forest that pushed urgently at the front of the petite model's dressing gown as she stood preening in front of the make-up room mirror.

Meanwhile my left hand had twisted her head around so that we were kissing passionately, and although she had futilely sighed that "We shouldn't be doing this" before succumbing to my salacious manipulations between her alabaster thighs, she was now acquiescing to my boldness by kissing me back with heated intent. Our tongues dueled like pink light sabers in the smoldering caverns of our tightly meshed mouths. Sparks of urgency in the form of muffled moans were ignited, and then swallowed, as I made her shudder while my hand insistently worked her to an orgasm.

She rose up on her tiptoes and pressed her ass back against my swollen meat that was trapped in my shorts as she tried to escape my persistent probing. In an attempt to distract me, her tiny hands found my cock, deftly pulled it free of its confines, and fondled it.

But my right hand got the better of the molten moment as she shuddered one more time and settled down on it. Then she proceeded to coat it with her release. It was copious and scalding, and she hung limp for a few seconds like a discarded rag doll, as I coaxed a few more ripples of pleasure from her.

Her hands, which had fallen away from my cock, now returned to their task. She broke away from our kiss and urged me to look into the mirror, and she watched me watch her as she very matter-of-factly stroked me off. It didn't take very long. I didn't even bother to try and pull away from her. I needed to get off and my only thought was that I didn't want to make too big of a mess. She knew exactly what to do. My



first grunt coincided with my first throb and she smiled. By the time I grunted again and she saw my eyes grow wide, she was fisting the head of my dick as it oozed pre-cum, and by my third grunt, she had somehow managed to aim my splatter down and away from her and me, so that all of it could be heard harmlessly hitting the floor in soft plops. We kissed again as she stuffed my wilting pride back into my shorts.

Her name was Wendy, and I had been in lust with her since my photographer/filmmaking associate Titus Moody had brought her into the nude theatrical casting offices of Reb: Sunset International in Hollywood in the fall of 1977.

She was a very popular model and I had booked many jobs for her, just not with me.

Finally in the summer of 1978, I was going to get the chance to model with her in a classroom setting wherein I was to be a teacher who was to be set upon by two "hornery" students, one of which was to be Wendy. Since the shooting was only going to be soft core, and I wasn't going to be required to have even the slightest hint of an erection, I knew that whatever came up, or got off, before we shot, most certainly wouldn't get in the way of the end result. We were going to shoot on a set downstairs (below my offices) in one of many studios belonging to Sam Menning. Conveniently however, I had a make-up/dressing room area at Reb's, so Sam, whose ability to talk, shoot stills, smoke and drink beer all at the same time was awesome, winked at me as he suggested to Wendy that that was where she should go to get ready.

The other model, whose name has long escaped the usually rather claustrophobic confines of my memory banks, was courteous enough to show up to do her make up and get dressed right after Wendy and I had concluded the business that opened this piece. I never asked her if she noticed the small puddle that Wendy had encouraged me to make.





The shoot itself went smoothly. Wendy had seen to it that my interest wound up being more histrionic than hardcore, and I was pomposity personified, as hopefully shots from the "splayout" appearing here, show.

The "Tested Teacher" was one of many photographic experiences that I took part in during the summer of 1978.

A couple of blocks west of my offices on Hollywood Blvd., in a dingy studio with absolutely no décor, I was called upon not once, but twice, to allow females to look like they were working me over. I found these adventures to be utterly ridiculous, but I went along with the concepts because I had never done anything like that before. Not even remotely arousing—being tossed, twisted, tumbled and thumped around—by a couple of ladies, who took the shoots far more seriously than I did, simply left me with quite a number of unpleasant rug burns. Thankfully, I was smart enough to wash them off thoroughly after each encounter, and then pop a couple of vitamin E capsules wherever it was needed.

Titus next presented me with the chance to work with a lovely blonde named Julie. He had been given an assignment to create a photo journalistic layout that would be centered around a motel on Ventura Boulevard in North Hollywood that showed X-rated films, and he figured that I could write it from first hand experience. The shoot would also function as promotional material for the establishment. Later on, I learned that a fellow with whom Titus had had many other business dealings owned the motel. Titus also told me that Julie was a friend of the motel owner, and that she simply wanted to try modeling once, just for the thrill of it.

So excited was I to participate that I even sacrificed a Saturday morning (almost always reserved for playing football) to work on the shoot. What I really wanted was a shot at the very innocent looking Julie. We were supposed to be playing a couple that was escaping from our daily drudgery at work (we used the formidable Universal Studios office building as the lead-in) to play around at a "Porno Motel" on our lunch break. Watching Julie slither into a full compliment of lingerie, and then undulate into a business outfit, I began to mentally drool all over myself. I simply relied on the suit that was purchased for me for me to wear in 1974's "Marilyn and the Senator" as my outfit. Thankfully, because of all those Saturday morning football games, it still fit in 1978.

Once we were in the room, and after the requisite pouring of booze shots were taken care of, and the first layer of clothing was eliminated, Julie sat in my lap, and we pretended to pay close attention to what was playing on the TV set. At that point, Julie leaned over and whispered hotly in my ear, "I hope that you came here to do more than just watch TV." And at the same time she

dropped one of her hands into my lap and searched for a sign of my real intentions. Politely, I asked Titus, "Just how far do you want this shoot to go?" And even before he answered, Julie had already grabbed one of my hands and placed it under her hiked up skirt. That was all the prompting that I needed. Titus however did finally answer with a somewhat amused "As far as you both like, and I'll edit out the shots that I don't need." I pushed Julie back on the massive waterbed, stripped down her panties, but kept her garter belt and nylons on, removed her blouse and bra, and basked in her splayed glory. Being in a rush to plunder her inviting depths, which she alluringly tilted up towards me, I pushed down my pants and shorts only as far as my boots, and entered her with remarkable ease. I have never really liked missionary positioned style sex, but with Julie, as she drew me into her, I was far from wanting to change anything. "Now that's more like it," Julie mumbled into my mouth as we kissed, and she proceeded

to match her undulations to my thrusts. I suddenly realized that the heat of the moment had taken me out of my usual performing mode and that I wasn't going to last very long inside of Julie. But I was in way too deep to back out. Julie sensed my panic and purred to Titus, "He's quicker than you said he'd be." Off to the side, as he was clicking away, I heard Titus laugh and say, "That's OK, since you're his pay for this shoot and the article that he's going to have to write... so the quicker the better." And with that, my overheated mind suddenly figured out that it was no wonder I had never seen Julie before. Indeed, Titus and his friend had all sorts of female friends, and apparently many of them were not adult performers, but rather they preferred to stay in the other side of the "Pay to Splay" world. Herein, Julie had decided to cross over for "the thrill of it" and perhaps because she knew the owner of the motel, but, in reality, she preferred the anonymity of her profession. Gently reaching between our straining bodies now, she found my bloated ballsack, and manipulated my rapidly swelling urgency. Realizing that resistance was futile, my nuts jerked upwards as they were being tweaked, and I bucked into her as hard as I could as she knowledgeably

worked her magic. My load saturated her cloying canal. It was over far too quickly to really enjoy it.

Eventually, accompanied by many other shots that Titus would take during subsequent visits with other real adult models to watch X-rated films from the vantage point of the massive waterbed, I would write a couple of pretty interesting articles about my experiences of going to a "Porno Motel", but until now, I have never written the real story of my very first visit. Perhaps that's because the only picture that I have from that Saturday in the summer of 1978 is the one of Julie sitting rather demurely in my lap.



SWANK'S

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RECESSION
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(You must include your phone number so we can notify you that you've won.)

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XXX Reality

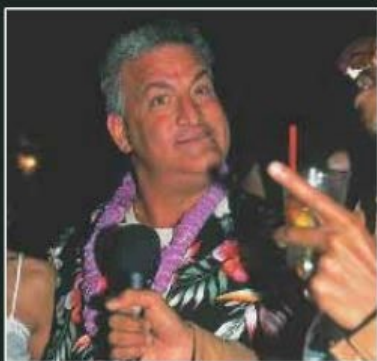


Greetings and salutations my friends! Ron J. here checking in from the great and ever-powerful **SWANK** hardcore headquarters where it's that time again—no, not time to get laid, it's always that time! —but time to put another **SWANK** out on the newsstands and make sure my monthly column is front and center!

As well it should be! And that reminds me, at one of our editorial meetings the other day we were trying to figure out which of the monthly **SWANK** features you dudes like the best—you know, the layouts, the fiction stories, the letters, the features, whatever, which stuff turns you on the most—and off. Help us figure out how to make you the horniest and happiest! Drop me a line if you can and let me know your thoughts and ideas, so in response we, Mary Carey and I that is, can put together the best **XXX** package that gets you guys (and dolls) going the most! So in advance, thanks! In the meantime though let's get down to business, and what is this month's business? How about the Moonlite Bunny Ranch legal whorehouse in Carson City, Nevada, owned by my good pal Dennis Hof? Okay? So, here we go!

Anyone who follows my sex-ploits all around the gash-globe, in **SWANK** and in other more mainstream publications and all over the internet, knows that no matter where I go and what I do, I always seem to wind up in some form or fashion, at the Bunny Ranch, with Dennis Hof, or with some of the fantastic Bunny Girls. How cum? What exactly is the "connection" between the fabled Bunny Ranch, the most famous legal brothel in the history of North America—and probably the world and me? Here's the scoop!

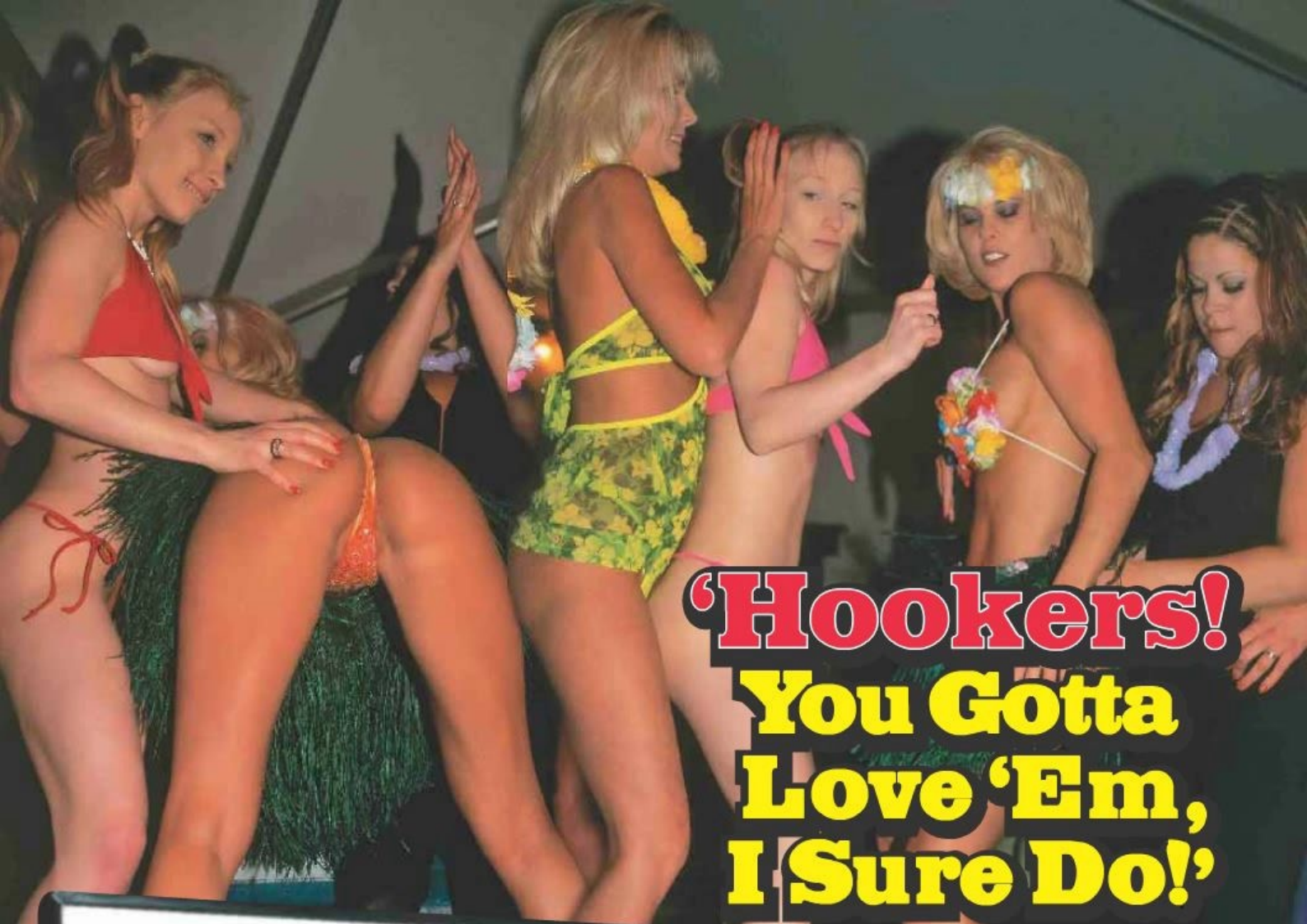
Well, how about, I love pussy! And I love hookers! And I love Dennis! Is that enough? Okay, allow me to elaborate then. Back in the '90s there were all these legal brothels in a few counties in the state of Nevada (prostitution is not legal in Las Vegas, although many people mistakenly believe it is), they had all already been around a while, decades and decades—the Bunny Ranch first opened and spread its legs in 1952! —and were kind of kept on the down low, and very low profile. Everyone in Nevada and the USA knew they were there, but like I said, they were all very dis-



creet in how they ran their operations—and they sure didn't advertise! Well, Dennis Hof, who bought the Bunny Ranch from the prior owner back then, changed all that. He decided to not only go high-profile in promoting the Bunny Ranch, the concept of legalized prostitution, and the girls who worked there—and proudly call himself the world's number one pimp! —but he was the first one to bring in the porn star angle. For the entire history of porn film-making there had always been this strange and illogical divide between chicks who did fuck flicks, and those who worked at legal brothels. Some did one thing; some did the other, but almost none did both, at least not openly and legally, until Dennis Hof came along that is. Dennis had the vision and the balls to take on that silly notion, and most famously brought in the legendary porn star Sunset Thomas to work as a legal hooker back then, while still being a major adult starlet. At first the Los Angeles porn community went nuts! Almost everyone freaked out! Can you imagine! Why, you ask? Two main reasons—one was this "thing" that porn performers are "actors" and hookers are well, ohmygosh, hookers, and therefore somehow, the porners were "better" than the hookers! Porn stars thought that porn star hookers would give them a "bad name!" And the other was that it took a major court decision, known as the "Freeman decision" in the late '80s that made a clear legal distinction between porners, and prostitutes in California. That decision let porners make **XXX** stuff without fear of being busted as pimps and prostitutes—which used to happen all the time. So although the Bunny Ranch hooking was taking place in another state, and was completely legal in that state, it made a lot of LA X-types nervous. Go figure.

So at first everyone slammed Sunset and some porn people even talked about "blackballing" her from working in porn again. But Sunset stood her ground, and so

Text By Ron Jeremy • Photos by Marc Medoff/Adult Press



**'Hookers!
You Gotta
Love 'Em,
I Sure Do!'**

**RON'S SPECIAL RE-LAY-TIONSHIP
WITH: MOONLITE 1-888 BUNNYRANCH
BUNNYRANCH**





pussy one way or another—girlfriends, wives, hookers, whatever, we all pay!

So that's the inside story on me and the Bunny Ranch, or the Bunny Ranch and I, or however you want to call it—so when Dennis has a hooker party up there in Carson City, I am there! When Dennis is running around the world on a Bunny Girl Prostie tour, I am down! And when Dennis is up to anything having to do with the hundreds and thousands of hot chicks that have worked for the Bunny Ranch, I'm just a phone call away! And of course you can be there a well! Most of the time anyway—just go to their website at www.bunnyranch.com and take it from there. But as for here, we are out of space and out of time! Thanks for paying attention this month you SWANK-crazies, see you next issue to talk some more shit! Later! □

**'I DON'T WORK FOR
THE BUNNY RANCH
AND HAVE NO
OFFICIAL CAPACITY,
EXCEPT LOVING THE
PLACE LIKE IT WAS
HEAVEN ON EARTH!
BECAUSE IT IS!'**

did Dennis, that working the Bunny Ranch was "cool," and after a few years of Sunset fucking a zillion of her fans up there, and telling the porn "elite" to go fuck themselves, and making a hell of a lot of money, the XXX tide turned, and more porn performers went to work up there. Sunset was even welcomed back to porn, with a major exclusive contract with VCA Pictures. Now, to date, I believe over 100 porn girls have worked and continue to work at the Bunny Ranch throughout the year, and some other legal brothels in Nevada as well, and nobody bats an eye. I got friendly with Dennis back in the '90s when he was getting the Bunny Ranch all fixed up and high-profile; I supported him 100% and I visited the Bunny Ranch lots of times. Then Dennis starting to take some of the Bunny Girls out on the roads for PR appearances, on radio, TV, etc., and just for fun I got involved with that as well. A few years back when HBO busted all cable TV popularity records when it began to do the series on the Bunny Ranch called "Cathouse," and with that the Bunny Ranch was officially "in!" I don't work for the Bunny Ranch and I have no official capacity, except for loving the place like it was heaven on earth! Because it is! Hot girls everywhere that want to suck and fuck you! Okay, you have to pay for play, but hey, we all pay for



Cikita













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WANTED NUDE PICTURES!

In SWANK's never-ending quest to bring you the hottest variety in sex, we've sought out Kevin Kingman, an amateur photographer and purveyor of porn and given him his own monthly feature entitled: **WANTED: NUDE PICTURES. TOP \$ PAID!** That's right! He runs the ad in his local newspapers and you reap the rewards. So, for all your fans of neophyte nudity, here's your gift from all of us each and every month!

WANTED: NUDE PICTURES. TOP \$ PAID!

I will pay you \$50 for nude pictures of any kind. White girls, Black girls, Asian—it doesn't matter as long as they're NUDE!

So come on, convince your girlfriend, the check out girl at the supermarket or your neighbor. Just get her to strip it off, you snap away and I'll pay you the 50 bucks. Any format accepted. polaroid. Digital, Slides... anything! Just send them in!



TOP \$ PAID!

Allisa











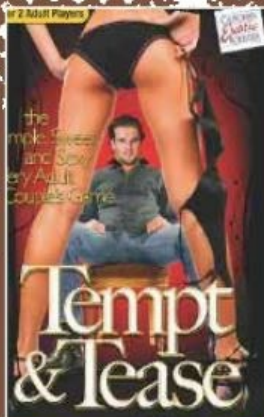




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SWANK Stuff



DEAL 'EM OUT! Tempt & Tease

This is a sweet, sexy and simple card game that rewards you both as a couple and as individuals. Be the first to reach 69 points in each hand and earn a Reward Card that outlines a fun and hot experience to add to your sex play. Quick and easy to learn!

**SHE WON'T BE
AFRAID OF THIS BUG!**

Shane's World Tickle Pleaser - The Ladybug

It's soft, sensual, and attaches to her clothing with a magnetic clip. She can wear it anytime and anywhere—no one will ever know her dirty little secret. This devilish device uses three batteries, and six are included for her immediate use and pleasure!



MUSIC TO MASTURBATE BY

THE VIBRO POD



What to give her something new and

exciting to jump start her private moments?! The Vibro Pod™ uses the tunes on her MP3 player to deliver powerful rhythmic sensations. She doesn't have an MP3 player? Switch to the eight function mode for eight patterns of vibration, pulsation and escalation. It's easily hand held and even has a convenient clothing clip. The vibe is a cool electric purple for her erotic pleasure. It's small, with a tiny 3 1/2" circumference. It comes with a sheer lavender drawstring bag for safe keeping, requires two AAA batteries that are not included. Time for her to get off to a new beat!

WHAT A COMBO!

Wicked Picture's presents Kirsten Price's Pussy and Ass

"I want your cock deep inside me!" moan's Kirsten. Well, at least that's what's printed on the box. Nonetheless, this is a genuine reproduction of hot and sexy Kirsten Price's most intimate parts. Hand sculpted to reveal every succulent detail, and finished in Futurotic Plus™ material for the most lifelike, soft, and stretchy feel imaginable. Hand painted to exact specifications for amazing realism. Includes the new removable two-speed, waterproof Bliss Bullet for added sensations!



KISS THIS!

Sealed With a K.I.S.S.

Sealed With a K.I.S.S. is the light hearted card game that explores the many levels of kissing...and the intimacy and romance that a great kiss brings. Can you win that special kiss? What will it bring if you do? Play Sealed With A K.I.S.S. as a couple and find out!

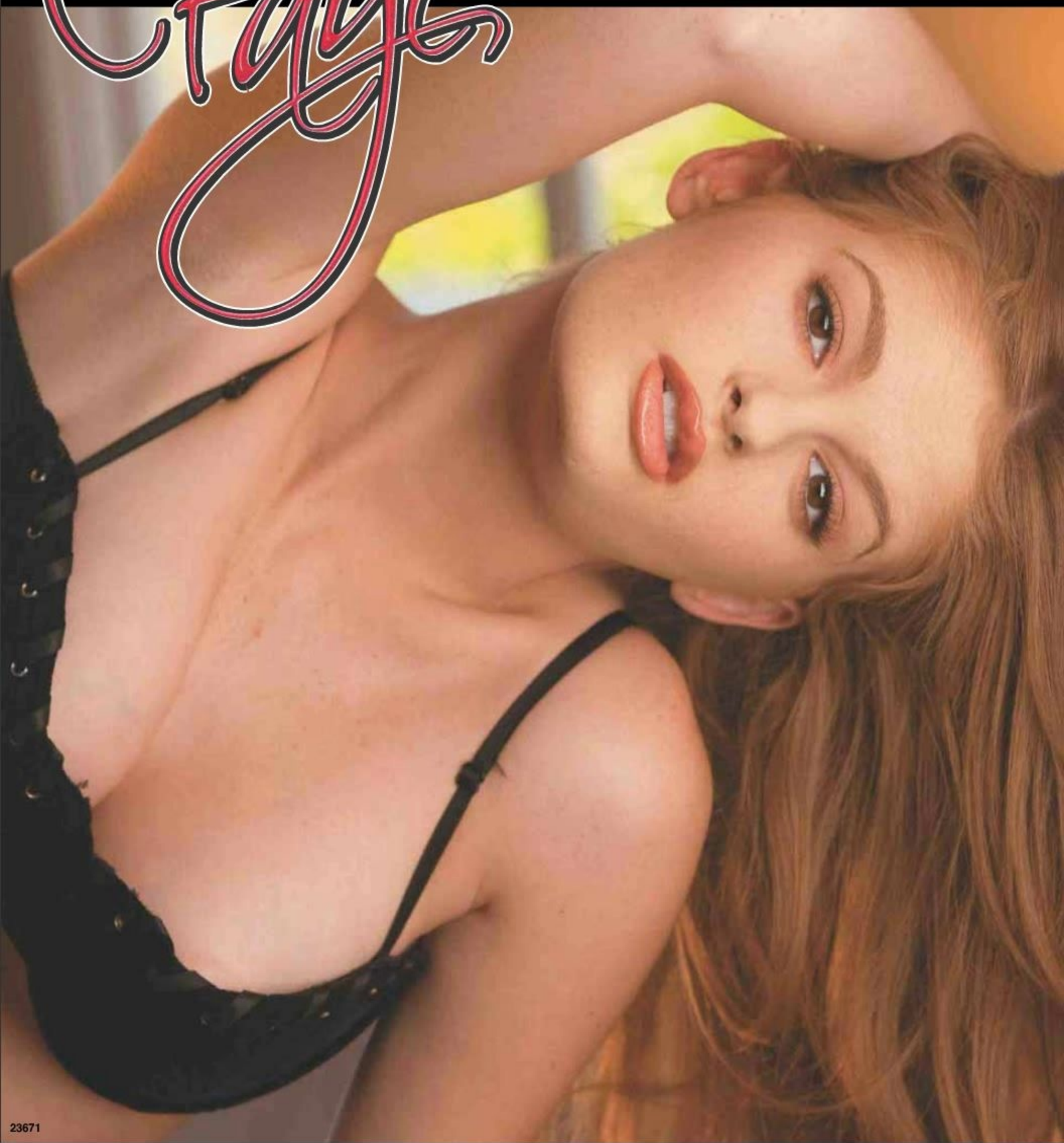


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Comfortable and stretchy enhancing pleasure ring provides firm support for him, while the tantalizing teasers and resonating pleasure bead provides amazing sensations for her. Includes removable Rubber-Cote™ battery pack with independently controlled, high-powered, multi-speed, slimline dual bullets.



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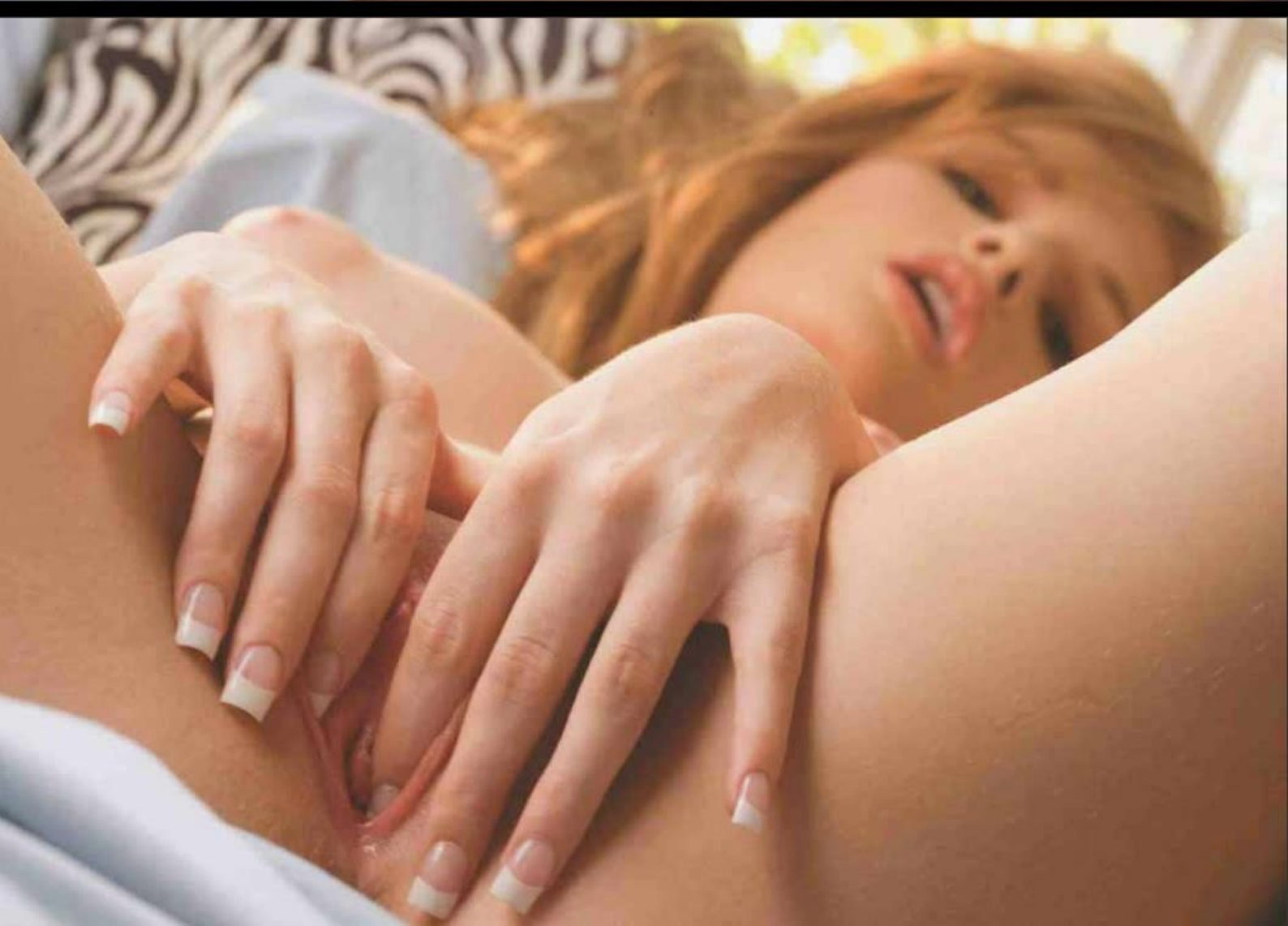
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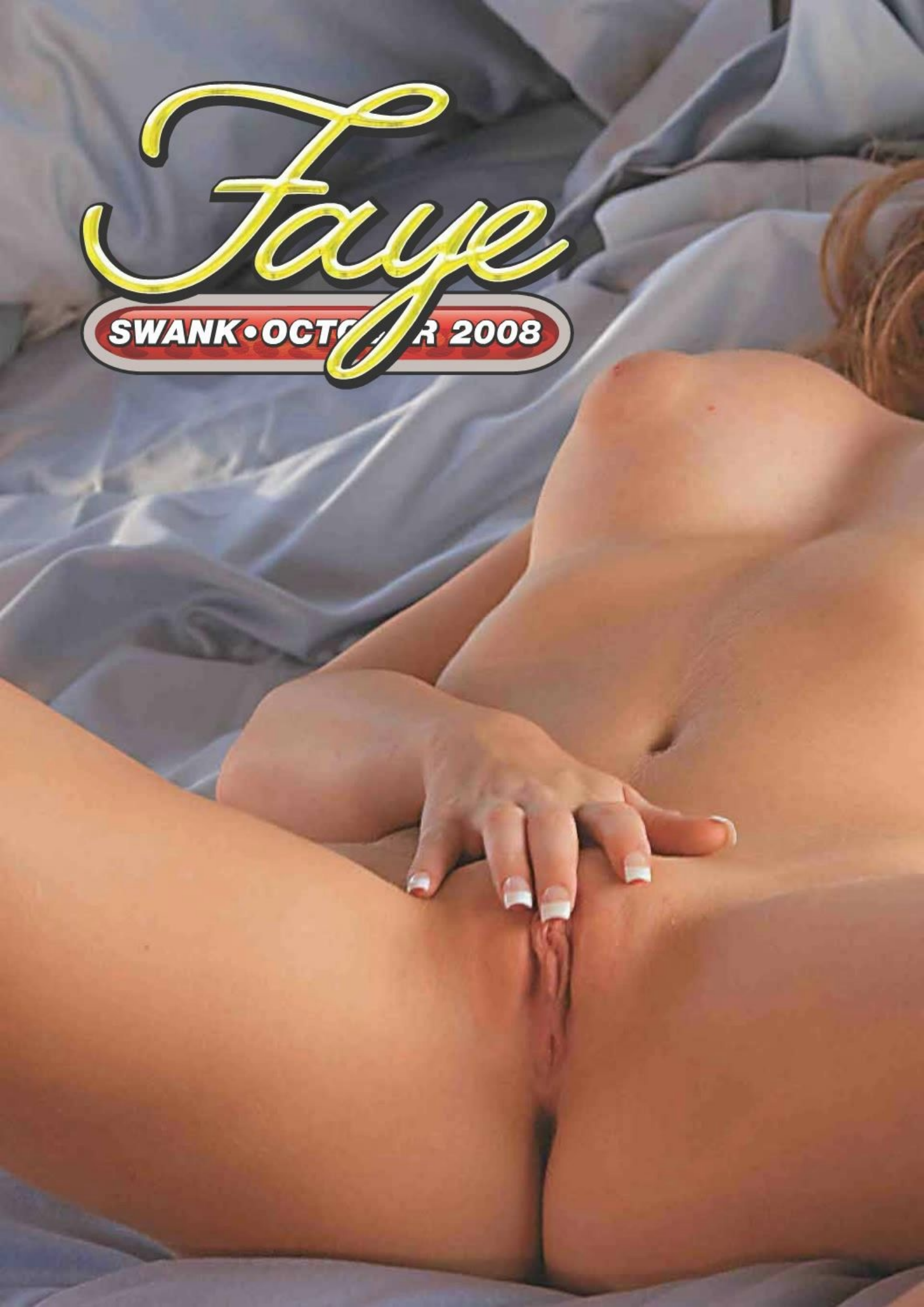
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Every **SWANK** fan's dream is about to cum true! We know you love every babe's layout, but now watch them fuck— for real!— exclusively on

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Sweet!

Just click one of the screens and watch the girls of **SWANK** do what they do best! It's an ass-fucking, load-dropping, pussy banging good time for sure!



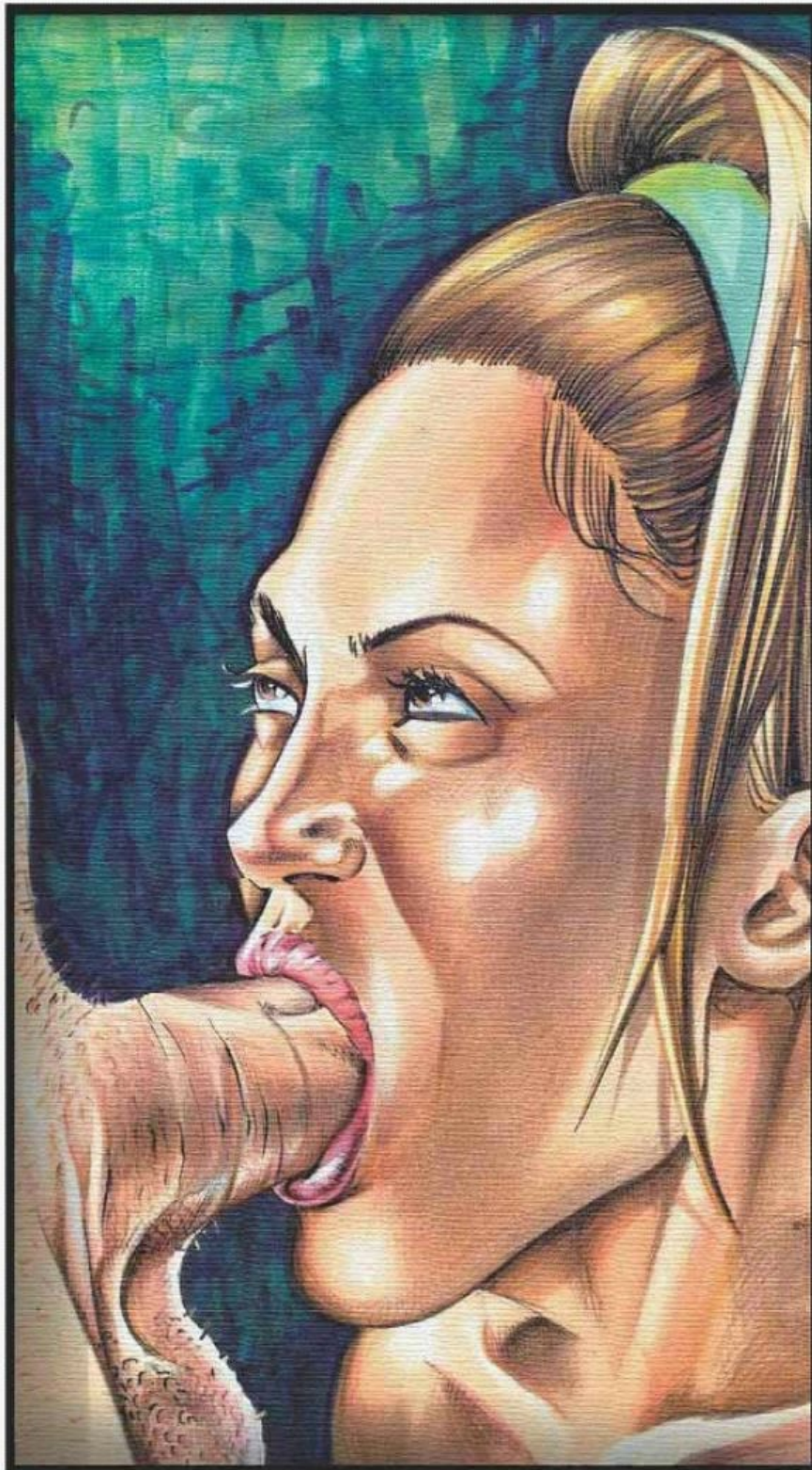


SWANKtoons

From the horny bastards at www.Shh3D.com



MY FUCKIN' PUSSY HAS MORE TASTE THAN THESE SHITTY CARTOONS!



Lori's new dentist had a unique way of checking for cavities.

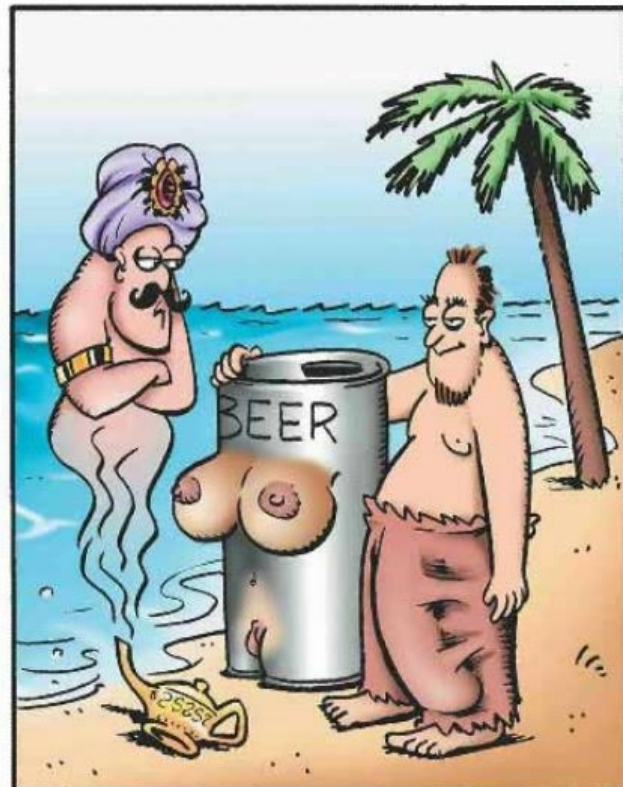
Ralph returns from the doctor and tells his wife that the doctor has given him only 24 hours to live.

Given this, Ralph asks his wife for sex. Naturally, she agrees, and they make love.

About six hours later, the husband goes to his wife and says, "Honey, you know I now have only 18 hours to live. Could we please do it one more time?" Of course, the wife agrees and they do it again.

Later, as the man gets into bed, he looks at his watch and realizes he now has only 8 hours left. He touches his wife's shoulder and asks, "Honey, please... Just one more time before I die?" She agrees and they make love for the third time. After this session, the wife rolls over and falls asleep.

Ralph, however worried about his impending death, tosses and turns until he's down to 4 more hours. He taps his wife, who rouses. "Honey, I have only 4 more hours. Do you think we could...?" At this point the wife sits up and says, "Listen, Ralph, I have to get up in the morning...you don't."



". . . And what is your third wish?"





Sara















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RON AND MARY'S X-RATED PORN THEATER



TEENS GUIDE TO SQUIRTING 2: THE JUICE COLLECTOR

STARRING: JOCYLN STONE, MAE VICTORIA, MONIQUE DEMOAN, NICOLE MOORE, SUMMER
DIRECTED BY: SEAN MICHAELS
AVAILABLE FROM: EVASIVE ANGLES
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

Although it may sound like one, "Teens Guide to Squirting #2" is not an educational or instructional video. Young ladies will not in fact learn the art of squirting from watching this DVD. If you are however into the whole squirting thing then you're gonna love this one. This guide is actually the chronicles of the adventures of a creepy little guy named Harry. Harry, you see, is a juice collector and I'm not talking about Orange, Apple or even V-8. I'm talking the juices of horny young ladies that he keeps in tiny glass vials in the medicine cabinet in his bathroom. Weird. You would think that shit would go bad in there. Doesn't pussy juice keep better in the fridge?

This is some crazy depraved shit and you get an all access backstage pass. You go along with Harry as he hides in a closet watching sexy little brunette Ashton Martin get it in all holes. Taking on a giant tattooed monster she gags on his monster and squirts multiple times. After the giant finishes and heads off to work, Harry sneaks out of the closet and adds to his collection. This guy is creepy!

Heading back to his place and flipping through his labeled collection of pussy vials like they're baseball cards occasionally popping the lid off one and giving it a big sniff and reliving the little hottie who made the donation. They do say that smell is a powerful memory trigger.

Flashing back the second scene our friend Harry coming to a business arrangement and purchasing the squirts of a young honey from her mullity redneck boyfriend. Again, the scene is shot as if you are hiding in the corner with Harry and you watch the action go down. The flick closes with the crazy bastard sitting in his tub opening all the viles and downing the contents. No matter how much I brush my teeth I still can't get the taste out of my mouth.

If you like it dirty and a bit twisted you should hang out with Harry. Me? I'm off to the Container Store. I'm completely out of vials. Should pick up some labels, too. —Chubby O'Dell



23300



HUGE BOOBS GALORE 5

STARRING: ASHLYNN, JESSICA, DANNI DARE, CASSANDRA, TIFFANY, ALEXIS SILVER
DIRECTED BY: NONE CREDITED
AVAILABLE FROM: PINK VISUAL
RUNNING TIME: 145 MINUTES

Ashlynn, a young bubbly co-ed, is approached about participating in a documentary about campus life. What ensues is a seemingly endless interview before the scene finally makes its way indoors, and the clothes start coming off.

We are a good nine minutes into the movie before any sex takes place, but once the action starts, this 18-year-old slut makes the wait worthwhile. Ashlynn is everything that those who harbor the teen kink fetish dream of. Big blue eyes, an innocent, but sexy smile and the kind of perfect D-sized rack that would make perverts of any age soil their spunk rags.

Though still a teenager, Ashlynn sucks and fucks the hell out of her man, then proudly turns her cum-soaked face to the camera to offer a thumbs-up.

Hot young porno newbies with big natural tits star in each of the five acts of barely-legal depravity. The downside is that there is so much wasted footage of interviews and softcore nonsense



23313



that you'll be working the fast-forward button as much as your oiled up pecker.

At 21 years of age, Jessica is the veteran of the cast. The cameraman instructs the platinum-haired tramp to jump up and down and jiggle her cans. We next move to the garage to watch her wash a car topless before modeling a wet t-shirt. This pre-sex shit goes on way too long, but again, when it's time for Jessica to get down to business, the smut rookie works the cock with all of the heat and skills of a seasoned screen whore.

Danni's tits measure in at 39DD, and she actually measures them on camera to prove her claim. Danni then performs the exact same car wash act

that we suffered through in the previous scene before being violated by a man who is old enough to be her father.

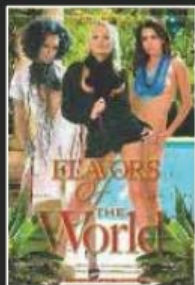
Things go in a new direction in act four as Cassandra and Tiffany retreat the bedroom for some girl/girl play. Double-donged dildos and vibrating eggs are the toys of choice as these ladies, with matching monster sets of dirty pillows, bask in the bliss of multiple orgasms.

The last adventure takes place in a doctor's office, as the dark-skinned Brit Alexis gets an around the world physical that concludes with a pearly flu shot across her ample jugs. This is definitely worth seeing. However, useless filler keeps a very good filth product from being great.

—Dan Brown



23315



FLAVORS OF THE WORLD

STARRING: MARIE LUV, JENNIFER DARK, KEEANI LEI, LEXI BELLE, TRISTAN, DAISY MARIE, MONICA MAYHEM
DIRECTED BY: JIM POWERS
AVAILABLE FROM: SIN CITY
RUNNING TIME: 90 MINUTES

The title implies a smattering of girls from all over the world, but I dunno. This doesn't seem any more ethnically diverse than the average porno. But don't let that stop you! This is truly great shit. The girls are all hotties, the sex is flaming and the camera work is top-notch (you won't find a pimply ass or an unsightly bruise anywhere!).

Marie Luv is a gorgeous black girl with perfect skin, small boobs and a big butt. She gets it on with Lee Stone and Jennifer Dark, a pale brunette. Marie deep throats Lee with ease—no small feat considering the guy's hung like a horse. She also has a mouth so filthy it would make a hooker blush. Halfway through, she starts speaking with a Jamaican accent. So much for continuity. Lee drops his puny load on her face in the end.

Keeani Lei is a pretty Polynesian who is on the receiving end of a nice bukkake. If you've seen a lot of bukkake, you probably know how brutal some of them can be. This one is tame, which isn't necessarily a bad thing. She takes a dozen or so loads in the mouth and on the face without batting an eye. Don't worry, though, she returns later for a good righteous boinking.

Daisy Marie is perhaps the sexiest girl on the disc. Not too sure what her ethnicity is—she looks Brazilian. Regardless, she has the distinction of delivering the best reverse cowgirl I have ever seen! She grunts, she groans, she curls her toes. She even pumps her arms forward and backward as she grinds her cunt down on the dude's cock. This one scene is well worth the price of admission. Absolutely Must-See-TV.

The grand finale pits Monica, Daisy and Keeani against one lucky son of a bitch. As promised, Keeani gets a good righteous boink-ing. Good times for all.

Roll credits.

— Peter Panties



DEEPER 7

STARRING: ALEXIS LOVE, AUDREY BITONI, CARMEL MOORE, KATSUMI, MAYA GATES, BEN ENGLISH, CHRIS CHARMING, SCOTT NAILS, STEVE HOLMES, AND TONY DESERGIO

DIRECTED BY: ROBBY D.

AVAILABLE FROM: DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

RUNNING TIME: 96 MINUTES

Robby D and Digital Playground have created a great chapter in this series. The focus this time is on the uber hot Katsumi.

Decked out in body-hugging red latex, Katsumi strolls into a bedroom carrying some shiny apples. Chris Charming picks up one of Katsumi's fallen apples and takes a big bite. Craving more than just fresh fruit, Chris follows Katsumi until he catches up with her and kisses her graceful neck. Taking a bite out of an apple, he turns to her twat for some fine



dining. He uses the apple to brush up against her neat snatch and soak in her natural pussy juices. Katsumi lovingly starts to give him head and moans convincingly while doing so. From there it's on to shot after shot of beautifully photographed fucking in all manners of positions. There's plenty of anal as Katsumi uses her holes to coax a thick load of cock snot onto her pretty bush.

Up next is Maya Gates in a very kinky scene with Scott Nails. There's some crazy shit going on here and I don't want

to ruin the surprise.

Suffice it to say the sex is very well shot and incredibly hot. Maya takes a hearty blast of cum to end the scene out.

Alexis Love is one of my favorite new girls of 2007. The combination of naive and slutty works so well for this babe it makes my pants tight. This scene comes straight out my fantasies and has Alexis stripping down to some nice black lingerie pretty fast. The cutie plays with her pussy and gives serious fuck me eyes as she works herself up. Alexis gives some quality head after some slow build up. Love the shots of her tight ass bouncing up and down in cowgirl and you will too. No anal for her, which does disappoint, but she does open wide for a well-placed cumshot.

Two pretty and big breasted girls who like to hook up with other? Over here please! Audrey Bitoni and Carmel Moore are two maids who have zero interest in cleaning and a burning desire to fuck. Ben English is the object of their affection and he has the girls play with each other before pleasuring him. The ladies share the cumshot to end the action.

Katsumi has a second scene to end the movie. Steve Holmes plays with her and gives her a nice hard fucking to boot. Once again the camera catches all of the action in very nice shots and brings the sex right into your lap.

This flick is a must own, especially for Katsumi fans. —Iggy Thump



23322





23271



SWALLOW EVERY DROP 5

STARRING: KACEY VILLAINESS, NAOMI CRUISE, SOPHIA LYNN, FAYE VALENTINE, MACKENZEE PIERCE, NICK EAST, DAVE HARDMAN

DIRECTED BY: CHUCKY SLEAZE

AVAILABLE FROM: LETHAL HARDCORE

RUNNING TIME: 112 MINUTES

This DVD has five episodes featuring five sexy young things performing straight-up sex. The scenes have a certain intensity and last a good long time.

Naomi Cruise fills out a pair of fishnets quite nicely and she's got plump titties with perky peach nipples. She parades her fine ass for us while diddling her snatch. Her partner gets a taste of Naomi's hot box, then nails her missionary style. There's a bit of pussy to mouth before Naomi slobbers over his pecker, followed by cowpoke coitus and the ever-popular reverse before proceeding to doggystyle. The fucking finishes in the time-honored spoon position. Naomi gives her man a titty rub before jerking him off and swallowing his seed.

Mackenzie Pierce uses a transparent dildo on herself before a friend shows up to finger her hole. Mackenzie sucks his cock like she's trying to get the juice out of a mighty tasty marine crustacean. Ardent fucking in the standard positions follows before a cum shot on the face and a slurp.

Extras include a bonus scene with Leah Wilde getting it on with some black dude lifted from "White Ho's Bangin Black Bro's 5". —Brian O'Hara

TEAR JERKERS 3

STARRING: ALEXIS AMORE, ARIEL, GINA LYNN, KATARINA KAT, MICHAEL KAHN, RILEY EVANS, RON JEREMY, TRAVIS KNIGHT, VANILLA

DIRECTED BY: GINA LYNN

AVAILABLE FROM: GINA LYNN PRODUCTIONS

RUNNING TIME: 106 MINUTES

A beautiful girl is about to suck your cock. Nicer words were never written. "Tear Jerkers 3" is all about having a dick hungry debutante dine at the all day cock buffet. Sure there's some actual dick in pussy penetration, but the real story though is the six blowjob intensive scenes, mostly captured in the "you are there" POV style.

The lovely petite blonde cocksucker Gina Lynn kicks off the feature with Travis Knight. Clad in some soft pink and black bra and panties Gina smolders on screen. Does anyone look as good in a pair of bra and panties than Miss Lynn? Travis rubs her pussy through her panties and knead her generous breasts in his hands. There's no fucking, but Gina does bump and grind his exposed hard-on as she keeps her panties on. Damn that's hot! Gina is eventually throat fucked by Travis and he pops a streaky load across her ample tits.

Travis is back for another go around, this time with dirty blonde sex siren Katerina Kat. Katerina looks exceptionally hot in her little sexy lingerie set. Katerina is one flexible minx who must have been born without a complete skeleton, check out the positions she gets herself into! I'd wait in line for a week just to see

this girl contort herself. Travis pokes her little slit a tiny bit, but the main feature is how she sucks his cock. Seriously this girl is a wonder little freak, who literally bends over backwards to gobble some goo.

Alexis Amore works her filthy vocabulary in with a great amount of professional cock sucking as she takes on Travis in the third scene. Travis slides his cock between her pretty titties before firing a batch into her face. Riley Evans shows off her natural assets and girl-next-door looks before finding herself on the receiving end of Travis' noodle. Riley gives great blowjob eyes as she engages Travis with his cock down her throat. Riley gets a chest splattered with spunk and she sucks and swallows the remainder of cum from his dick.

There are three more scenes to watch. Vanilla, a natural redhead, sucks Travis in a bathroom. Gina returns for an almost two-on-one with Travis and Ron Jeremy. Finally, Ariel and Michael Kahn put on an energetic suck fest to bring the whole cock sucking adventure to a close. —Lance Ness



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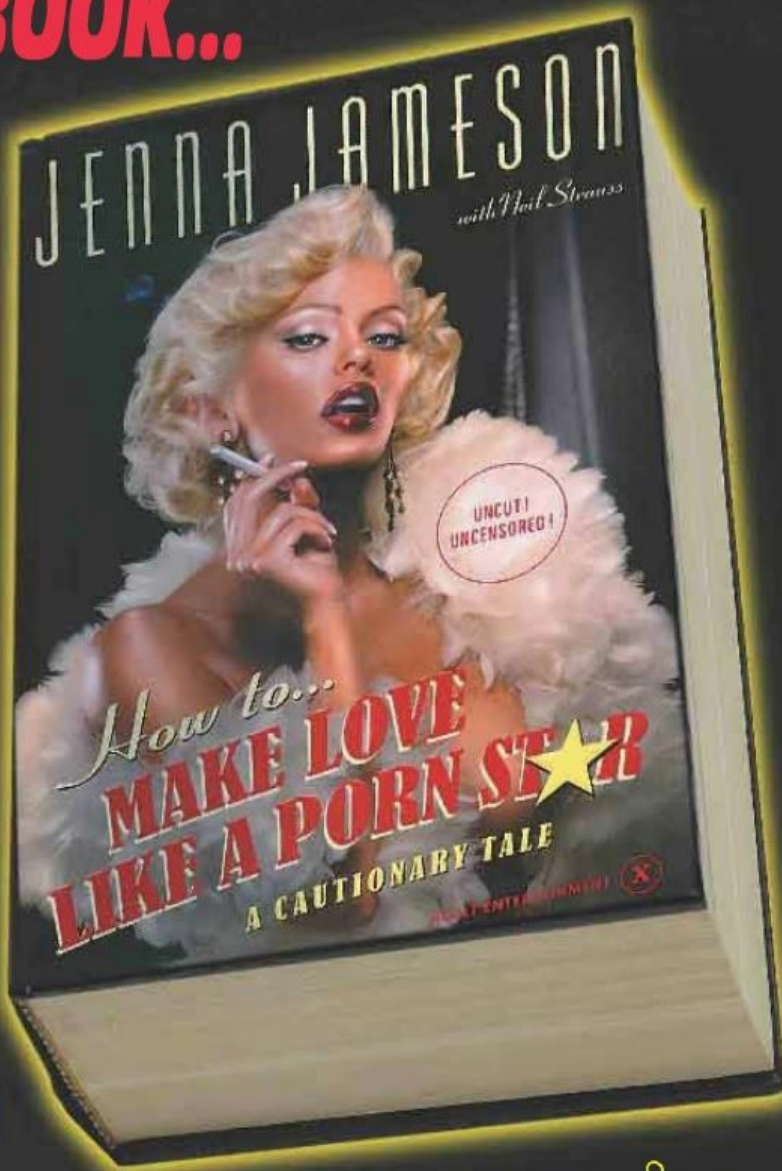
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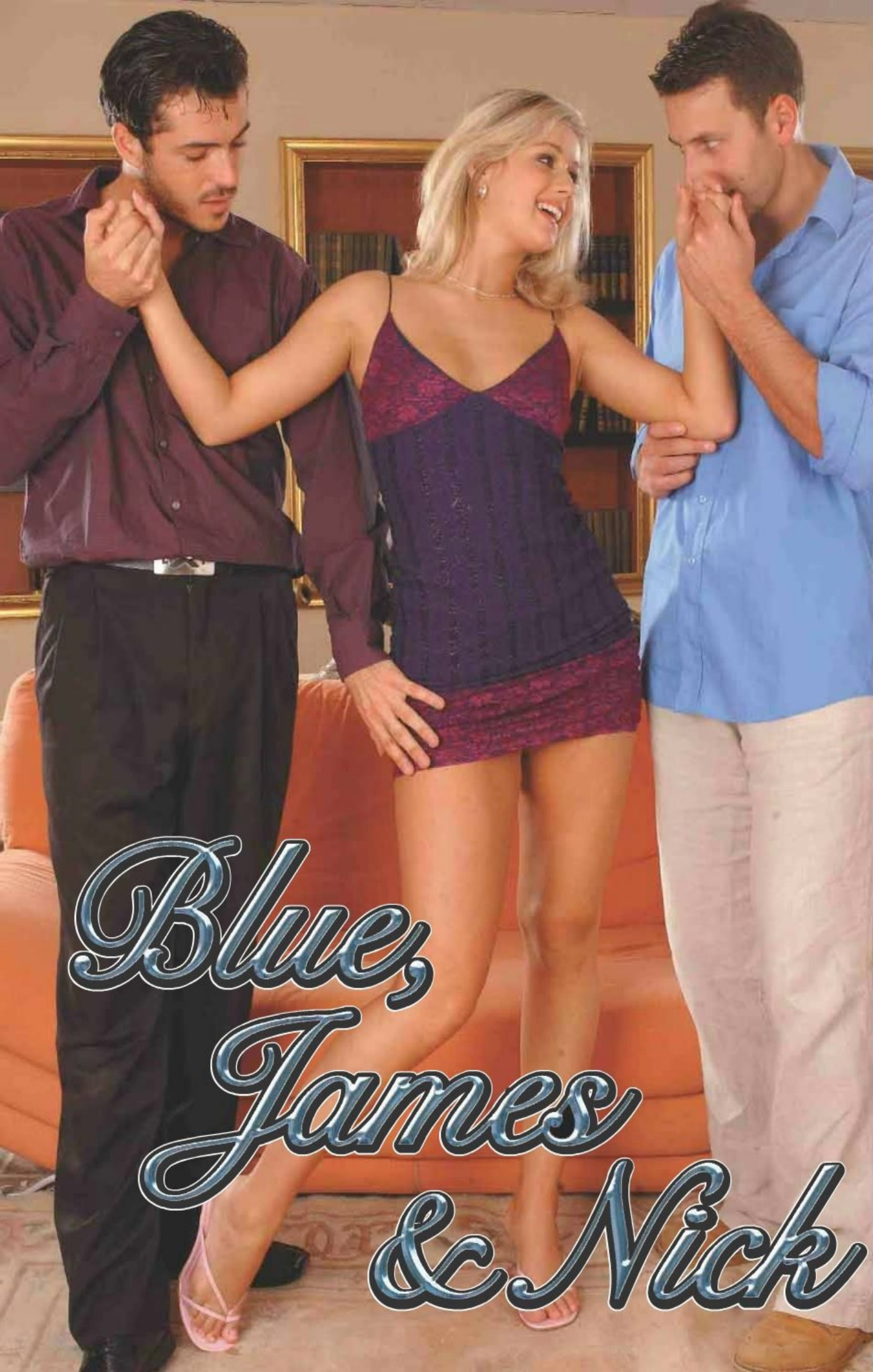
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THOSE WERE THE LAYS

(continued from page 40)

The rest of the shots somehow never made it to the printed page. Sometimes it's better to try and remain anonymous, and to work without recognition.

I was craving anything but anonymity when I agreed to do a rather odd, thankfully softcore, shoot at 2 a.m. on an unusually cold September 1978 morning (thus my thanks for not having to perform hardcore) in a deserted alley off Santa Monica Boulevard and Gower Avenue in Hollywood, for a quirky photographer from England. Attired in satin Ku Klux Klan garb, I found myself trapped by three lovely but nevertheless mean spirited black ladies who had managed to infiltrate my coven, and who then took out their racial revenge by "splaying" me across the hood of a 1958 Edsel, and having their way with my genitalia. I, of course, had to pretend to go along with the very degrading ride. But I was paid very well to snivel. And we were through by dawn's early light. For some reason, after supposedly being humiliated, I felt the urge to jack off, and while none of the obsidian trio offered to help, they were mesmerized by my absolutely uninhibited action, as I shot wildly into the first vestiges of the new day, decorating the very dirty alley in the process with my pent-up need. Indeed, "Those Were" the ways of "The Lays" even when I wasn't getting laid. □

William Margold's actions and activities have spanned the entire timeline of the modern adult hardcore entertainment industry (1972-present), and along the way, he has founded a number of organizations including The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment (www.fox.com) and Protecting Adult Welfare (www.pawfoundation.org). For his latest insights about XXX, and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit www.billmargold.com.



IN THE NEON BONEYARD (continued from page 30)

"So you're not long for Vegas, huh?" I asked.

"I'll be here forever," she said.

We wrapped up our shoot as the sun was taking its final bows, agreeing to rendezvous the following day in the lounge where we'd met. Johnny would scoop her up after stopping at the lab for the prints. Happy hour.

"We'll take a look at these photos," I said. "I just know we got some great stuff." Sabina just giggled.

We exchanged pecks and like that, she was gone.

PART 3

In Las Vegas it's always tomorrow before you know it.

I sat in the lounge jawin' with Gus, while I waited for Johnny to turn up with Sabina and the pictures.

Gus was an old timer who had played drums in some of the old grind houses on the strip and claimed to have been tight with Bugsy. A bunch of flowers sat on the stool next to me. Hell, it was worth a shot.

The comedian behind the bar saw the flowers and started to roar.

"Again with the laughter," I said standing up. "I've had just about enough of you."

Chuckles was unfazed and between guffaws leaned over to Gus.

"Seems your boy's got a thing for Sabina," he said.

"Oh no," Gus said. "She ain't real, boy."

"Unreal is more like it," I said. "She's a knockout."

His laughter subsiding a little, the bar-

tender slid me a beer.

"Don't sweat it kid," he said. "She's done this before." That's probably why

I didn't see them.

5 o'clock.

6 o'clock

It was nearly 7:30 and more than a few drinks later when Johnny came marching in.

"Where you been," I asked. "You're holding up the parade and these jokers think that..."

"Frankie," he cut in. "You better take a look at these."

I snatched the envelope and wiped the drink rings off the bar with my sleeve. I slid the pictures out onto the bar.

Spread out before us were some 75-odd photos of our afternoon shoot in the Boneyard. There was the silver slipper where she had perched, there was the Cheesecake sign she had posed next to. All had the twinkle and sparkle of broken glass. Four rolls of film and no Sabina. She wasn't in one single shot.

"What the...are you in on this too?" I asked Johnny. I was starting to feel a little uneasy.

Gus was quiet for a moment. He got off his stool and put his hand on my shoulder. He licked his lips. Suddenly he looked serious.

"Look, kid, she was a helluva showgirl. Nobody did the bump 'n' grind better. But boyfriends, they get jealous, you know. Buncha chumps checking out their chick night after night. After a while a fella gets sore... starts to hear things... starts to believe things... starts to go crazy."

I didn't quite get it.

"This chick has a jealous boyfriend?" I asked. "That's all I need. *Shit.*"

"Had," Gus said. "Had."

"Oh... what happened?"

"He killed her," he said. "In 1961." □



she wound up how she did."

I kept my eyes glued to the door. They were late. The regular raconteurs, reprobates, and roustabouts started rolling in. It got crowded. It got loud.

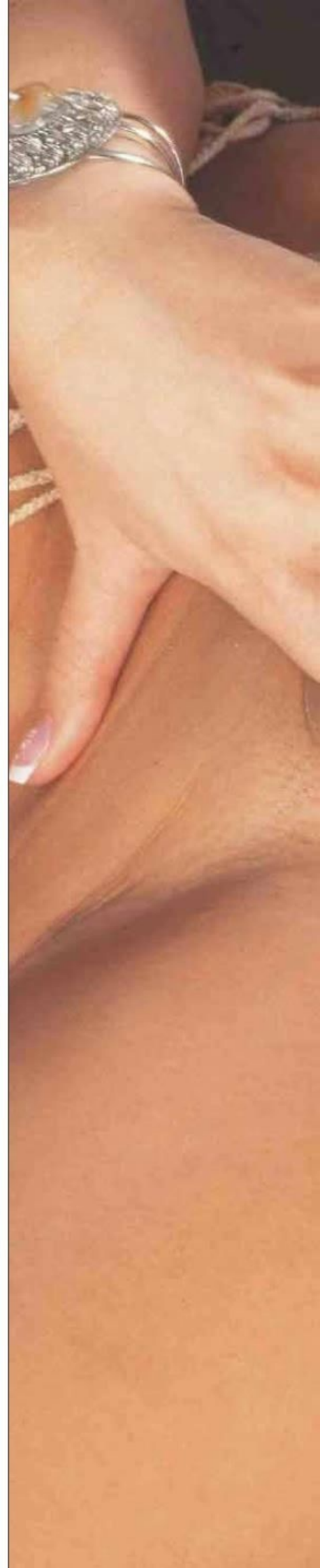




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